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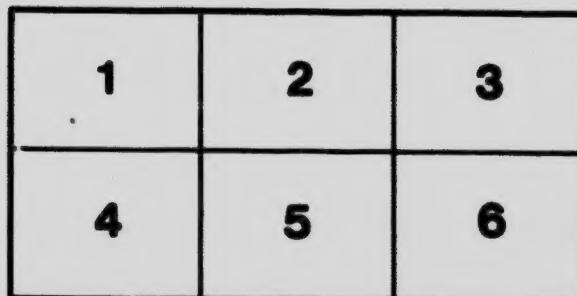
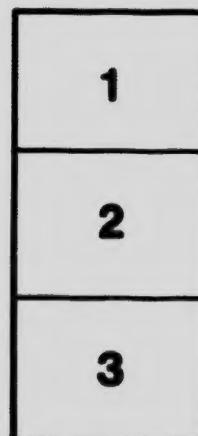
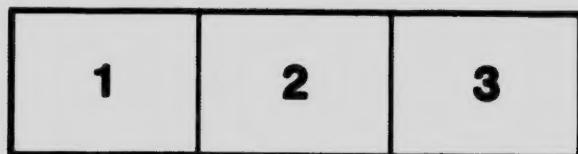
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AMONG THE HILLS



"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills
from whence cometh my help"

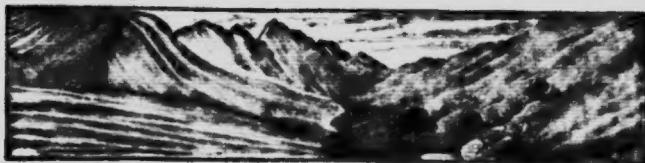
Psalms 121

Margaret P. Anderson
St. Louis

AMONG THE HILLS.

'TIS sweet to dwell among the hills—
The golden hills of song.
To take God's hand, which crowns
and stills
And makes the spirit strong.
Flowers of love—the wildwood rose—
The violets by the rills—
Are emblems of what God doth choose
For us amidst the hills.

'Tis sweet to dwell among the hills—
The sun-kissed hills of song ;
To sing God's praise where'er He wills—
It makes us wond'rous strong.
On the great love of God to lean,
Along life's babbling rills ;
And know LOVE, Infinite, Unseen,
Among the sun-kissed hills.



"Tis sweet to dwell among the hills—
The golden hills of song ;
Rejoicing in the LOVE that fills,
And kept from all that's wrong.
The cares and fears that o'er us rift,
Go singing with the rills ;
And so I praise God for His gift—
The everlasting hills.

"Tis sweet to dwell among the hills—
The hills of life's grand song ;
Where Love's soft call comes with the rills,
A daily triumph-song.
This God is mine, and I am His ;
His Love my spirit fills ;
His Love is all I need of bliss—
The everlasting hills.



LAUGH AND DO NOT WORRY.

ALWAYS laugh and do not worry,
Be kind and sweet of heart;
And then in spite of life's mad hurry,
A real good time will start.
Then what a happy world 'twould be,
Because just you and I
A larger heart let others see—
A kinder hand held nigh.

Always laugh and do not worry,
You and I—you and I;
Shape a noble life and hurry
To share God's good supply.
Then what a happy world 'twould be,
Because just you and I
A larger heart let others see,
When sorrow's waves roll high.



ENCOURAGEMENT.

YOU may be toiling up a weary hill,
Bearing a load beyond your strength to bear;
Straining heart and nerves and pressing on still,
Stumbling and losing foothold here and there.
Your courage failing, your faith burning low,
As you struggle along the narrow way;
If you hold God's hand you will surely know
Love and kindness grip you and crown the day.

You may be breasting keen winds which tossed
And buffeted and chilled you as you strove—
Till baffled and bewildered quite, you lost
The power to see the way, the aim, the move.
An earnest look to God for a moment's space,
Will give you rest and shelter from the blast,
And you will find it easier to face
The storm again' when the brief rest is past.



GOING AND GROWING.

GOING on and growing, prepared unto glory,
This is our calling, and this is our joy;
Going on and growing, and telling the story
Again and again of our blessed employ.
Going on and growing, made sacred and holy
Meet for the use of the Master we love;
Ready for service, all simple and lowly,
Ready, one day, for the Temple above.

Going on and growing, joyfully we witness—
Jesus Christ our Lord, Thou art still the Same;
Going on and growing, into Thy glorious fitness,
Meeting perfectly every need and claim.
Going on and growing,—chosen e're Creation—
Chosen for Him to be filled with His grace;
Chosen to carry the streams of salvation
Into each thirsty and desolate place.



WHAT WOULDST THOU BE?

A BLESSING to those whom you meet,
A quick, true guide to "waters sweet;"
A comfort to the weary heart,
A healing balm when sad tears start.
A strength and help to poor and weak,
A cooling touch in fever's heat;
A friend to bring the full relief,
Through Him who was acquainted with grief.

May He bless you and make you a blessing,
An angel of love to some friendless soul;
A beckoning hand soft and caressing,
Tenderly leading to the far-off goal.
May He bless you and make you a blessing
With new gifts of love, new smiles from His face,
Fresh mercies each day sweetly expressing
Riches which flow from the Fountain of Grace.



JUST BEING HAPPY.

JUST being happy is a fine thing to do;
Looking on the bright side rather than the
blue;
Sad or sunny musing is much in the choosing
And just being happy is brave work and true.
Being bright and happy in the hours of pain,
Taking with a trusting heart loss or gain;
Doing good and noble things, quick and true,
Trusting Love and asking just what to do.

Just being happy and shining all day,
Letting the light shine out along the way;
Just being happy, always, everywhere,
Not alone in easy places here or there.
Being happy when you cannot understand
The wonderful things which God hath planned;
Trusting and doing,—some time you will say,—
I see God's great plan—I can trace His way.



DOING " THE NEXT THYNGE."

JUST doing "the next thyng" as need arises,
Taking quite calmly all that surprises ;
Bearing the cares which are sorely pressing,
Finding the grace which turns all to blessing.
Just remembering God's love, always true,
The rich and countless mercies, always new ;
Knowing the needed grace that God bestoweth,
Every bar of time and place overfloweth.

Doing "the next thyng," spite of such rebuff,
Trying to bring smoothness where all is rough ;
Speaking a kind word to make some heart lighter,
And thus truly making some life brighter.
Doing "the next thyng" with a bit of singing,
To touch a sad heart and set joy-bells ringing ;
Making other lives through thy friendship fair,
Nobly helping them to master their despair.



